

MORNING  
DEVOTIONS





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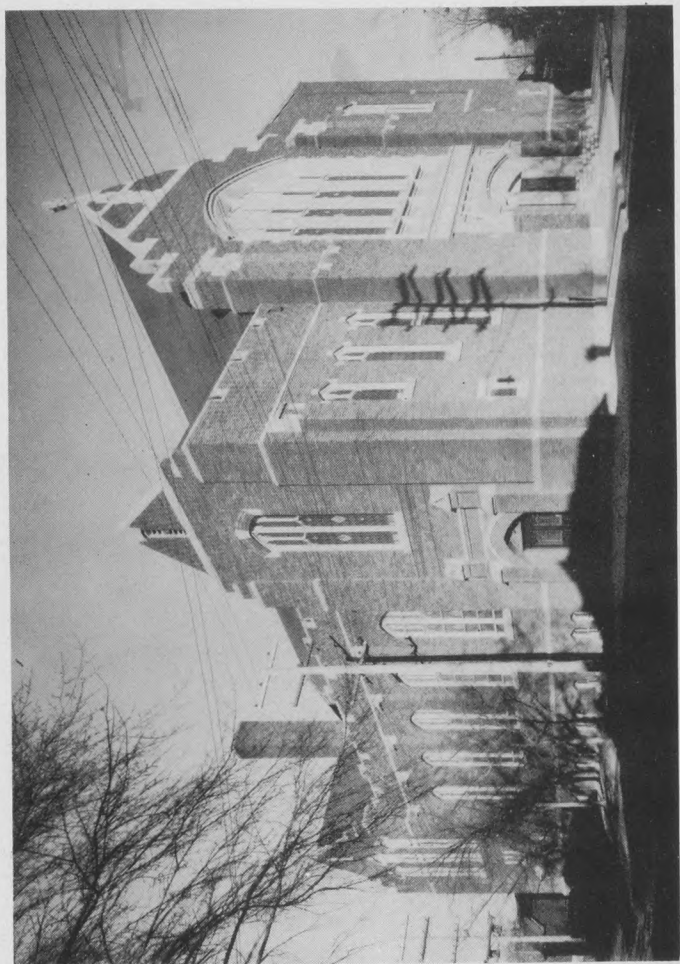
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1941

# MORNING DEVOTIONS









ST. MATTHEW'S CHURCH, WINNIPEG, MAN.

# MORNING DEVOTIONS



*New every morning is the love  
Our wakening and uprising prove;  
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,  
Restored to life, and power, and thought.*

JOHN KEBLE

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ST. MATTHEW'S CHURCH - WINNIPEG

1941

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TO  
K.B.





*I have been asked to make a collection of the prayers, poems, and prose used on "Morning Devotions," the daily service broadcast over Radio Station CJRC from St. Matthew's Church. This book, published through the kind interest of a dear friend of mine, will answer this request. It would be impossible to include all the material that is used, but I hope that those who join with us for "Morning Devotions" will put this volume beside their Bibles and Prayer Books and use all three.*

*The six years of broadcasting experience have been very happy. The Management and Staff of Radio Station CJRC have co-operated with us in every way and I gratefully acknowledge their many kindnesses to St. Matthew's. The members of the radio congregation by their letters and contributions have given us the inspiration and encouragement needed to carry on this responsible task.*

*St. Matthew's Parish is now forty-five years old, and this book comes at our Anniversary-tide when we meet together to offer our thanksgiving to God for His love and guidance during the past, and to make our prayers that His presence may go with us into the future.*

*George R. Calvert,*

*St. Matthew's Church,  
Winnipeg.*

*November 9th, 1941.*



Bishop's Court,  
Winnipeg.

All Saints', 1941.

Many who have "listened in" to the "Morning Devotions," broadcast by Canon Calvert, from St. Matthew's Church of this city, will wish, with many others, to possess and profit by the use of this little book.

At the desire of some of the whole and the sick who have been encouraged and consoled day by day while following Him, who is the Way, the Truth and the Life, this synopsis now sees the light of day.

I hope its publication may be instrumental in conveying further blessings to those who possess and use it.

M. M. RUPERT'S LAND.



October 23, 1941.

It was on Easter Day in 1934, that, as a result of arrangements made by the Rev. Canon George R. Calvert, the first broadcast from St. Matthew's Church was made by Broadcasting Station CJRC. This event marked the beginning of the long and most happy association still existing between St. Matthew's and CJRC, an association of which CJRC feels proud and honoured to be a part.

Since 1935, the regular Sunday morning services from St. Matthew's have continued to be broadcast without interruption.

In the interim, commencing in June, 1938, the broadcasting of the daily "Morning Devotion" service was started, and as you are aware, has continued down to the present time.

CJRC welcomes this opportunity of being able to express to you how very much we prize our connection with St. Matthew's, and through it, with Canon Calvert personally. From the many scores of letters we have received since the broadcasts commenced, from listeners, particularly those who for various reasons can only attend services of the Church on rare occasions, we are assured that all the broadcasts from St. Matthew's are greatly appreciated.

The sheer beauty and inspiration of "Morning Devotions" has made it one of the most "listened to" broadcasts in our schedules. It is our hope therefore that St. Matthew's, through the efforts of its Rector, will long continue its broadcasting activities, because the need for them is obvious—they are a source of solace, comfort and inspiration to everyone who hears them.

We would like to express our sincerest congratulations to Canon Calvert in the success his broadcasts have achieved. There can be no doubt at all but that the listening audience to "Morning Devotions" is continuing to increase as it has done in the past years.

CJRC STUDIO.





# MORNING DEVOTIONS



A LISTENER'S PRAYER

ETERNAL God, who through thy Holy Spirit art everywhere present, calling us though we hear thee not, and abiding with us though we know thee not: we praise thee for the wonder of thy universe. We thank thee for the wisdom of scientists and the skill of craftsmen, whereby its secret forces become servants of the spirit of man. Grant that all who broadcast may use these forces in thy service, and that no word or sound may fall from them unfit for present needs or unworthy of their calling. And we ask that both they and all who hear may be led in the way of truth, love, and beauty to thee, the author and giver of all that is good; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

—*New Every Morning.*

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PROOF

IF radio's slim fingers  
Can pluck a melody  
From night, and toss it over  
A continent or sea;  
  
If the petalled white notes  
Of a violin  
Are blown across a mountain  
Or a city's din;  
  
If songs, like crimson roses,  
Are culled from the thin blue air,  
Why should mortals wonder  
If God hears prayer?

—*Ethel Romig Fuller.*

## THE CHALLENGE

CAN'ST thou drink the cup I drank of?  
Can'st thou bear to be baptized  
With the baptism of bitterness and Truth?  
Can'st thou see thy dreams all dying,  
And thy hopes around thee lying  
In a ruin, and retain the eyes of youth?

Can'st thou hear the Siren's calling  
And stand firm, with strong men falling?  
Can'st thou defy the sons of Belial running wild?  
Can'st thou see Love's honour slighted,  
And its fairest blossom blighted,  
And live on, still looking forward like a child?

Then arise, my knight defender,  
Be thou terrible and tender,  
In the strength that down the ages has sufficed,  
And, in scorn of all their scorning,  
Seek the splendour of the morning,  
When the darkness shall be shattered by the Christ.

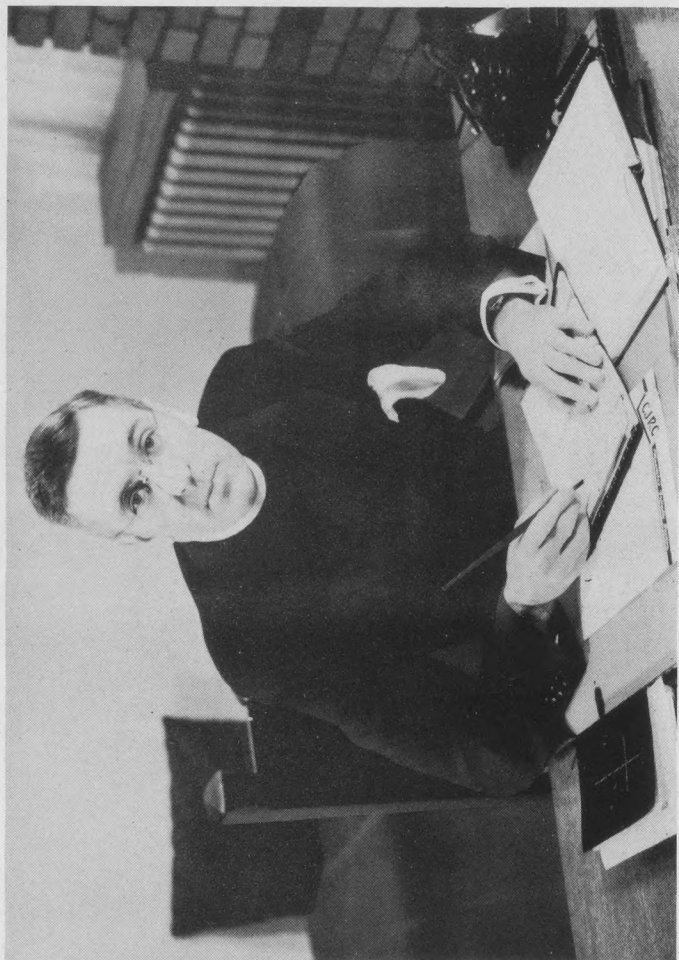
G. A. Studdert Kennedy.

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## TEACH US TO PRAY

TEACH us, O God, to pray as our Saviour taught his disciples. As we come into thy presence, give us humble and contrite hearts, conscious of our deep unworthiness, of our unutterable need, and of thy power to help us. Grant us wisdom to watch for thine answers, and the grace to thank thee for every gift thou givest, knowing that, loving us as thy children, thou will provide for all our necessities, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.





CANON G. R. CALVERT, RECTOR



## Morning Devotions

GOD does not thrust Himself upon us; He never forces His way into our hearts; He stands at the door and knocks. It is an amazing consideration that the Creator and Sustainer of all things should put Himself into the position of a traveller on the road. We own the house, and can open or shut the doors against Him if we will.

How Christ's life condemns ours—our boorishness, our so-called dignities, our intolerance, our pride. God is gracious. Recall the Master's parable of the wicked husbandmen. Through prophet after prophet and preacher after preacher God had appealed to the children of men, and all had been rejected. What might not God then have done! If our messages are rejected, our emissaries killed, our desires ignored, how righteously angry we become. Instead, God sent His Son. God is gracious.

And our Lord's life was filled with numberless acts of graciousness. Never, we can be sure, did He thrust Himself or His beliefs upon people. The story of the walk on the Emmaus road is characteristic. "And they drew nigh to the village, whither they went; and he made as though he would have gone further." There was no forcing of Himself upon them. "But they constrained him, saying, Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent. And he went in to tarry with them."

And just as two thousand years ago our Lord awaited men's invitation, so it is to-day. He will not force Himself upon us. His only pressure is that of persausiveness, solicitude, love. And if there be apparently no room in our hearts, no response, He makes as if He would pass on. Our God is gracious. He awaits our invitation. Let our prayer be "Abide with me." He will accept our hospitality, no matter how poor and impoverished and stained our lives may be. He will take us at our word and will come and tarry with us.

FOR LOYALTY

**O** JESUS CHRIST, the Lord of all good life, who hast called us to build the city of God: Do thou enrich and purify our lives and deepen in us our discipleship. Help us daily to know more of thee, and through us, by the power of thy Spirit, show forth thyself to other men. Make us humble, brave, and loving: make us ready for adventure. We do not ask that thou wilt keep us safe, but that thou wilt keep us loyal: who for us didst face death unafraid, and dost live and reign for ever and ever. Amen.

—*The Grey Book.*

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WORK

**C**LOSE by the careless worker's side,  
Still patient stands  
The Carpenter of Nazareth,  
With pierced hands  
Outstretched to plead unceasingly,  
His Love's demands.

Longing to pick the hammer up  
And strike a blow,  
Longing to feel His plane swing out,  
Steady and slow,  
The fragrant shavings falling down,  
Silent as snow.

Because this is my work, O Lord,  
It must be Thine,  
Because it is a human task  
It is divine.

Take me, and brand me with Thy Cross,  
Thy slave's proud sign.

G. A. Studdert Kennedy.

## Morning Devotions

### HE LEADETH ME

IN "pastures green"? Not always; sometimes He  
Who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me  
In weary ways, where heavy shadows be.  
Out of the sunshine, warm and soft and bright,  
Out of the sunshine into darkest night,  
I oft would faint with sorrows and affright,  
Only for this: I know He holds my hand;  
So, whether led in green or desert land,  
I trust, although I may not understand.  
Beside "still waters"? No, not always so;  
Ofttimes the heavy tempests 'round me blow,  
And o'er my soul the waves and billows go.  
But when the storms beat loudest, and I cry  
Aloud for help, the Master standeth by,  
And whispers to my soul, "Lo, it is I."  
Above the tempest wild I hear Him say:  
"Beyond this darkness lies the perfect day;  
In every path of thine I lead the way."  
So whether on the hilltops high and fair  
I dwell, or in the sunless valleys where  
The shadows lie, what matter? He is there.  
And more than this; Where'er the pathway lead,  
He gives to me no helpless, broken reed,  
But His own hand, sufficient for my need.

—Henry H. Barry.

### FOR THE INDWELLING CHRIST

O CHRIST, our only Saviour, so dwell within us that  
we may go forth with the light of hope in our eyes,  
and the fire of inspiration on our lips, thy Word on our  
tongues and thy love in our hearts. Amen.

—Adveniat Regnum.

MY PEACE I LEAVE WITH YOU

THY Peace! Thou pale, despised Christ!  
What Peace is there in Thee,  
Nailed to the Cross that crowns the world,  
In agony?

No Peace of home was Thine; no rest  
When Thy day's work was done.  
When darkness called the world to sleep  
And veiled the sun.

No children gathered round Thy knee,  
No hand soothed care away:  
Thou hadst not where to lay Thy head  
At close of day.

What Peace was Thine? Misunderstood,  
Rejected by Thine own,  
Pacing Thy grim Gethsemane,  
Outcast and lone.

What Peace hast Thou to give the world?  
There is enough of pain;  
Always upon my window beats  
The sound of rain.

The source of sorrow is not dried,  
Nor stays the stream of tears,  
But winds on weeping to the sea,  
All down the years.

For millions come to Golgotha  
To suffer and to die,  
Forsaken in their hour of need,  
And asking, Why?

## Morning Devotions

Man's Via Crucis never ends,  
Earth's Calvaries increase,  
The world is full of spears and nails,  
But where is Peace?

"Take up Thy Cross and follow Me,  
I am the Way, my son,  
Via Crucis, Via Pacis,  
Meet and are one."

G. A. Studdert Kennedy.

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### A PRAYER OF DEDICATION

**O** GOD, our Father, we dedicate ourselves anew to thee and thy service. Put into the heart of each one of us such a love for thee that we may truly love our neighbors as ourselves — a love that leaps the boundaries of race or color or creed or kind, that knows no distinction of class, that reaches out a saving hand even unto the least of these our brethren. Fill our lives with the single motive of service, and use us, Lord, use us for thine own purposes just as thou wilt, and when and where; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

—Bishop Scarlett.

### FOR THE SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE

**O** THOU who art heroic love, keep alive in our hearts that adventurous spirit, which makes men scorn the way of safety, so that thy will be done. For so only, O Lord, shall we be worthy of those courageous souls who in every age have ventured all in obedience to thy call, and for whom the trumpets have sounded on the other side; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

—The Grey Book.

A MORNING PRAYER

**O** LOVING Father, we thank thee for the care that has watched over us in the hours of darkness, and has given us once more this opportunity of uniting in prayer and praise. To thee be the glory of all the good that we enjoy, for of thy hand do we receive it. To thee be the glory of all the good that we may think or do, for thy Spirit alone enables us. Give us grace, O God, to praise thee this day and evermore in our lives, studying in all things to please thee and to glorify thy name. Keep us pure and holy by the indwelling of thy Holy Spirit. Make us strong and of a good courage; may we remember that thou wilt never fail nor forsake us. Let neither the cares nor the business of the day disturb our trust in thee. We ask every blessing in the name and for the sake of Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour.

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HE WAS A GAMBLER TOO . . .

**A**ND, sitting down, they watched Him there  
The soldiers did;  
There, while they played with dice,  
He made His Sacrifice,  
And died upon the Cross to rid  
God's world of sin.  
He was a gambler too, my Christ,  
He took His life and threw  
It for a world redeemed.  
And ere His agony was done,  
Before the westering sun went down,  
Crowning that day with its crimson crown,  
He knew that He had won.

G. A. Studdert Kennedy.



## Morning Devotions

IN one of his poems Browning writes of the imprisoned splendour that is in every man. Jesus apparently believed in this and He who went about doing good spent His whole life simply releasing this imprisoned splendour in individuals. Knowing what was in man, He found people like Zaccheus and Matthew, and Thomas and Martha amazingly lovable, although others might have considered them ordinary, commonplace, and unattractive.

How many of us really believe that God has set eternity in our hearts, that there resides a glory in us that waits only to be released. With Death abroad in Europe and Asia, with evil daily assuming a hundred new and terrifying forms, with noble cities changed into charred heaps of ruins, let us frankly admit it is not always easy to believe in the imprisoned splendour in man. Indeed, at times we may find it scarcely credible. But credibility is not the sole criterion of truth.

Probably if we were frank we would admit that most of us want to believe it. The world sees our outward life and may find in it little to distinguish us from a thousand other people. But do we not feel within us a life that the world does not glimpse. Are we not conscious at times of latent powers, of depths not yet explored. Have we not experienced longings and yearnings that rock our very souls?

Sometimes sudden emergency and crisis draws these things out and afterwards we say "I didn't know I had it in me . . ." The imprisoned splendour has broken its bonds.

Moreover, we can see this same glory bursting forth in the lives of others. War makes it difficult to believe in it in one way, but there is another way in which war makes it easier. Can you explain these deeds of matchless heroism and endurance on the part of ordinary men and women apart from the

hypothesis that there is indeed an imprisoned splendour in every man?

Is this mere wishful thinking? We may believe vaguely that there is a glory in ourselves waiting to be released. We may suspect its presence in others. But how can we be sure? There is but one way. Go to Calvary. Why God should love us, with all our stains and follies and unholy passions is a mystery. But that He does love us can not be in doubt. The Cross shows us His bleeding heart. There is that in us that He believed was worth dying for. Jesus knows what is in man. He is ever trying to release it.

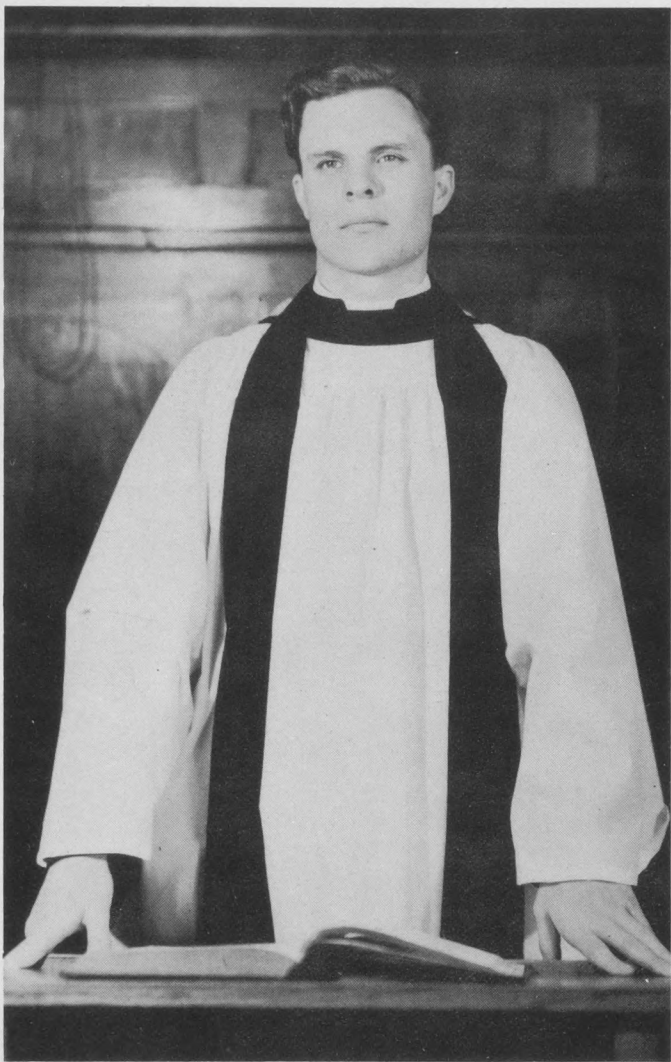
—*The Weekly Scotsman, Edinburgh*

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### FOR THE CHURCH

**O** GOD, our Father, we pray for thy Church, which is set today amid the perplexities of a changing order, and face to face with new tasks. Baptize her afresh in the life-giving spirit of Jesus. Grant her a new birth, though it be with the travail of repentance and humiliation. Bestow upon her a more imperious responsiveness to duty, a swifter compassion with suffering, and an utter loyalty to the will of God. Put upon her lips the ancient gospel of her Lord. Help her to proclaim boldly the coming of the Kingdom of God. Fill her with the prophets' scorn of tyranny, and with a Christlike tenderness for the heavy laden and down-trodden. Bid her cease from seeking her own life, lest she lose it. Make her valiant to give up her life to humanity; that, like her crucified Master, she may mount by the path of the cross to a higher glory; through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.





REV. W. D. GANT, ASSISTANT CURATE

CHRISTIAN SERVICE

*A Hymn*

O BROTHER man, fold to thy heart thy brother!  
Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there;  
To worship rightly is to love each other,  
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

For he whom Jesus loved hath truly spoken:  
The holier worship which he deigns to bless  
Restores the lost, and binds the spirit broken,  
And feeds the widow and the fatherless.

Follow with reverent steps the great example  
Of him whose holy work was doing good;  
So shall the wide earth seem our FATHER's temple,  
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

Then shall all shackles fall; the stormy clangor  
Of wild war-music o'er the earth shall cease;  
Love shall tread out the baleful fire of anger,  
And in its ashes plant the tree of peace. Amen.

*J. G. Whittier, 1850.*

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FOR FAITHFUL STEWARDSHIP

ALMIGHTY God who dwellest in the light that no  
man may approach unto; Send out thy light and thy  
truth that they may lead us. Touch our lips with fire from  
off thine altar, that we may be living epistles known and read  
of all men. Be merciful unto us and bless us, that thy way  
may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all  
nations; through Jesus Christ our Saviour. Amen.

WHAT CAN A LITTLE CHAP DO?

**W**HAT can a little chap do  
For his country and for you?  
What CAN a little chap do?

He can play a straight game all through;—  
That's one good thing he can do.

He can fight like a Knight  
For the Truth and the Right;—  
That's another good thing he can do.

He can shun all that's mean,  
He can keep himself clean,  
Both without and within;—  
That's a very fine thing he can do.

His soul he can brace  
Against everything base,  
And the trace will be seen  
All his life in his face;—  
That's an excellent thing he can do.

He can look to the Light,  
He can keep his thoughts white,  
He can fight the great fight,  
He can do with his might  
What is good in God's sight;—  
Those are truly great things he can do.

Though his years be but few,  
If he keep himself true  
He can march in the queue  
Of the Good and the Great,  
Who battled with fate

## Morning Devotions

And won through;—

*That's a wonderful thing he can do.*

And—in each little thing

He can follow THE KING,

Yes—in each smallest thing

He can follow THE KING,—

He can follow THE CHRIST, THE KING.

—John Oxenham.

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### FOR THE MAKING OF GOOD SOLDIERS

**O** LORD, who has blessed us with the privilege of service, and called us to hear thy commands and to follow thy Son; We have been cowardly and careless in the use of thy weapons, we have been slack against sin, and often grown weary of our warfare and laid down our arms.

But let us continue in thy host, though but lagging in the rear, till by the discipline of thy training and the inspiration of thy leadership, and our comradeship with thy saints, we come to make good soldiers under thy banner, which goes before us into victory; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

—Prayers for Students.

### FOR POWER

**R**EFRESH us, O Blessed Jesus, with thy presence and thy power. Quiet our restless spirits. Open to us the Mind of God, that in thy light we may see light, and crown thy choice of us to be thy servants by making us channels of thy joy and strength, to thy honour and glory for ever and ever. Amen.

—Acts of Devotion.

“THE GAME GUY’S PRAYER”

DEAR GOD: Help me to be a sport in this little game of life. I don’t ask for any easy place in the line-up; play me anywhere You need me. I only ask for the stuff to give You one hundred per cent of what I’ve got. If all the hard drives seem to come my way, I thank You for the compliment. Help me to remember that You won’t ever let anything come my way that You and I together can’t handle. And help me to take the bad breaks as part of the game. Help me to understand that the game is full of knots and knocks and trouble and make me thankful for them. Help me to get so that the harder they come the better I like it.

AND, O God, help me to always play on the square. No matter what the other players do, help me to come clean. Help me to study the Book so that I’ll know the rules, and to study and think a lot about the Greatest Player that ever lived, and other great players that are told about in the Book. If they found out that the best part of the game was helping other guys who were out of luck, help me to find it out too. Help me to be a regular feller with the other players.

FINALLY, O God, if fate seems to uppercut me with both hands and I’m laid on the shelf in sickness or old age or something, help me to take that as part of the game, too. Help me not to whimper or squeal that the game was a frame-up or that I had a raw deal.

WHEN in the falling dusk I get the final bell, I ask for no lying complimentary stones. I’d only like to know that You feel that I’ve been a good, game guy.

—Author Unknown.



A NEW EARTH

**G**OD grant us wisdom in these coming days,  
And eyes unsealed, that we clear visions see  
Of that new world that He would have us build,  
To Life's ennoblement and His high ministry.

God give us sense,—God-sense of Life's new needs,  
And souls aflame with new-born chivalries—  
To cope with those black growths that foul the  
ways,—  
To cleanse our poisoned founts with God-born  
energies.

To pledge our souls to nobler, loftier life,  
To win the world to His fair sanctities,  
To bind the nations in a Pact of Peace,  
And free the Souls of Life for finer loyalties.

Not since Christ died upon His lonely cross  
Has Time such prospect held of Life's new birth;  
Not since the world of chaos first was born  
Has man so clearly visaged hope of a new earth.

Not of our own might can we hope to rise  
Above the ruts and soilures of the past,  
But, with His help who did the first earth build,  
With hearts courageous we may fairer build this last.

—John Oxenham.

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GOD BE MERCIFUL TO ME

**F**ORGIVE us, O Lord, all the sins and selfishness of the  
past and give us grace to repent and lead more useful  
lives for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

FOR THE KINGDOM OF GOD

**O** CHRIST, Thou has bidden us pray for the coming of thy Father's Kingdom, in which his righteous will shall be done on earth. We have treasured thy words, but we have forgotten their meaning, and thy great hope has grown dim in thy Church. Help us, O Lord, in the courage of faith so to live and work that the glad day of God may dawn at last. As we have mastered nature that we might gain wealth, help us now to master the social relations of mankind that we may gain justice and a world of brothers. For what shall it profit our nation if it gain numbers and riches, but lose the sense of the living God, and the joy of human brotherhood? Make us determined to live by truth and not by lies; to found our common life on the eternal foundation of righteousness and love. Help us to make the welfare of all the supreme law of our land, that so our nation may be built strong and secure on the love of all its citizens. Cast down the throne of Mammon, who ever grinds the life of men, and set up thy throne, O Christ, for thou didst die that men might live. Show thy erring children at last the way to the City of Love, and so fulfill the longings of the prophets of humanity. Our Master, once more we make thy faith our prayer: "Thy kingdom come! Thy will be done on earth!" Amen.

—Walter Rauschenbusch Adapted.

FOR STRENGTH IN THE LORD

**B**E thou unto us, O Lord, a tower of strength, a place of refuge, and a defence against the enemy; that thy comfort may support and strengthen us, thy mercy keep us, and thy grace guide us into victory and peace; by the might of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

—A Book of Collects.

IT'S HARD TO BE A CARPENTER

I WONDER what He charged for chairs  
At Nazareth.

And did men try to beat Him down,  
And boast about it in the town,  
"I bought it cheap for half a crown  
From that mad carpenter"?

And did they promise and not pay,  
Put it off to another day,  
O did they break His heart that way,  
My Lord the Carpenter?

I wonder did He have bad debts,  
And did He know my fears and frets?  
The Gospel writer here forgets  
To tell about the Carpenter.

But that's just what I want to know.  
Ah! Christ in glory, here below  
Men cheat and lie to one another so  
It's hard to be a carpenter.

G. A. Studdert Kennedy.

FOR REPENTANCE

O GOD the Father, from whom all fatherhood in earth and in heaven is named, graciously behold thy family. Thou art kind to the ungrateful and makest thy sun to arise on the just and the unjust. But we have misused thy gifts, and marred thy work and robbed one another of our daily bread. We pray for true repentance and pardon. Help us to feel our share in the world's guilt, and to glorify thee in our stewardship so that thou wilt give us the true riches; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

—The Grey Book.

ENGLAND

By ERNEST RAYMOND

I SING no song of England. My wits are slow and dry;  
I only rise to help her, and, rising, wonder why.  
Why beats my heart for England you wiser men may know.  
I know this only, brothers: she calls me, and I go.  
The secret that is England her long, green pastures keep;  
Her quiet hamlets store it; her hills that seem asleep  
Enfold it in the valleys with ploughland, park, and wood;  
Her milk-white mists enshroud it, and know that it is good.  
These sing the song of England, whose words I cannot hear.  
I only know they build for me a meaning that is dear.  
They sing, perhaps, her sage old soul that slowly toils to find  
The way to freedom, faithfulness, and laughter that is kind.  
Oh, she has sins a-plenty, and her broad, green breast is  
scarred,  
But the hills that girdle England keep a truth that I shall  
guard.

—In the “*Sunday Times*.”

FOR THE FORCES OF THE EMPIRE

O Almighty Lord God, King of all kings, and Governor  
of all things, that sittest on the Throne, judging right,  
we commend to Thy Fatherly goodness the men who  
through perils of war are serving this nation, beseeching  
Thee to take into Thine own hand, both them, and the  
cause wherein their King and country send them. Be Thou  
their tower of strength where they are set in the midst of so  
many and great dangers. Make all bold through death or life  
to put their trust in Thee, who art the only giver of all  
victory, and canst save by many or by few; through Jesus  
Christ our Lord. Amen.





BROADCASTING MORNING DEVOTIONS

FOR ALL WHO SERVE

**O** GOD, who never sleepest, and are never weary, have mercy upon those who watch to-night; on the sentry, that he may be alert; on those who command, that they may be strengthened with counsel; on the sick, that they may obtain sleep; on the wounded, that they may find ease; on the faint-hearted, that they may hope again; on the light-hearted, lest they forget Thee; on the dying, that they may find peace; on the sinful, that they may turn again. And save us all, we humbly beseech Thee, through Jesus Christ, our Redeemer. Amen.

FOR THE SUFFERING

**O** THOU source of all true consolation, who, when Thou risest to save all the meek of the earth, wilt turn the wrath of man to Thy praise, bring, out of Thine abundant mercy, blessing and hope for those who suffer from the ravages of war. Lay Thy hand gently upon those who have lost loved ones. Succour the wounded and the dying; fill their hearts with the remembrance of Thy faithful word and the rich promises of Thy grace. Grant courage and good cheer to those who go in peril of their lives. Take into the secret of Thy presence all who spend their days in ceaseless anxiety and constant apprehension of sad tidings. Have mercy upon those who have lost their reason or their sight. Take to Thy loving care the little children who are rendered fatherless. Grant new resource to those whose livelihoods have been reduced or lost; provide for those who have been rendered homeless. Save us from bitterness of spirit, from self-pity and vindictiveness, and keep burning in our hearts a love for all men; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

GOD has many voices. Colour and music and language are His. He speaks to us through them all. We hear His voice in poetry and in history and in the life that surges round us to-day. Our every experience should tell us something more of God.

Once there was a man who doubted God. His life had been threatened, and he was desperately anxious. If only he could be sure of God. And so he climbed Mount Horeb, that same peak on which in days gone by God had addressed Moses from the midst of clouds and darkness and vivid lightning flashes. In part Elijah found what he sought. A great and strong wind rent the mountain and brake in pieces the rocks, but the Lord was not in the wind. After the wind an earthquake, but the Lord was not in the earthquake. After the earthquake a fire, but the Lord was not in the fire. And after the fire, a still small voice. And Elijah knew he was in the Presence. But notice, he found God not in the great, terrifying, cataclysmic happenings. God spoke to him in a whisper.

We do well to remember that. Our superstitious hearts cry out for signs and marvels that will demonstrate beyond all manner of doubt God's being. We expect Him to "move in a mysterious way," whereas very often He moves in ordinary ways. Christ did not strive nor cry, nor was His voice heard in the streets. He was dumb as a lamb before her shearers. Is it not frequently so still? God does not shout. He more often whispers His messages to us.

We must cultivate the listening ear to hear aright. Deep in his heart of hearts everyone is aware of God's whisper bidding him do this and refrain from that other thing. It is God's voice and we do well to pay heed to it. If God were to use the thunder and lightning to flash messages before us, if He were to write His messages across the skies for us to read,



## Morning Devotions

we should doubtless be superstitiously impressed. God more frequently uses ordinary means. "Be still and know that I am God." Listen for the whisper of God.

—*The Weekly Scotsman, Edinburgh.*

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ONCE to every man and nation  
Comes the moment to decide,  
In the strife of truth with falsehood,  
For the good or evil side;  
Some great cause, God's new Messiah,  
Offering each the bloom or blight;  
And the choice goes by for ever  
'Twixt that darkness and that light.

By the light of burning martyrs,  
CHRIST, thy bleeding feet we track,  
Toiling up new Calvaries ever  
With the Cross that turns not back,  
New occasions teach new duties;  
Time makes ancient good uncouth;  
They must upward still and onward  
Who would keep abreast of truth.

Though the cause of evil prosper,  
Yet 'tis truth alone is strong;  
Though her portion be the scaffold,  
And upon the throne be wrong,  
Yet that scaffold sways the future,  
And, behind the dim unknown,  
Standeth God within the shadow,  
Keeping watch above his own. Amen.

—*James Russell Lowell, 1849.*

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER

FATHER, I thank thee—

First, because Thou hast made me a mother, and of all women the mother is most blessed.

Second, because Thou hast helped me to be a true mother, by giving me understanding that I may teach my children.

Lord, continue Thy goodness unto me and mine. Anoint me afresh each day with waters of courage and patience. Give me added strength, O God, and greater wisdom.

Be with me in my daily tasks; shed Thy bright radiance about my home that the young hearts growing here be nourished with the living waters.

Guard them against evil, O Father, and keep them fresh in faith and trust. Keep them pure of thought and deed. Bless them with love, and with that strong belief in Thee which exalts the heart and sweetens the life.

Strengthen them, O Lord, with knowledge and teach them to honor the duties Thou seest fit to impose upon them. Give them richness of spirit and the eternal joy which earthly shadows but deepen. Guide them ever, O Father, and grant that they be well pleasing unto Thee.

In the name of Thine own Son, Jesus, I ask it. Amen.

—Beatrice E. Harmon.

FOR THE WONDER OF THE DIVINE LOVE

FILL us, we beseech thee, Lord Jesus, with the wonder of thy love, that we may adore thee in all things, prefer thee to all things, trust thee with all things, thank thee for all things, and so lose ourselves in love of thee that we may enter this day into thy Kingdom, there to abide with thee forever. Amen.

—E. T. H.

BECAUSE I LOVE HIM SO . . .

SHE could not follow where He went,  
She could but watch Him go,  
And bless Him, though her heart was rent  
Because she loved Him so.

She stood once at a cottage door,  
To watch His figure grow  
Distant and dim, heart-sore, heart-sore,  
Because she loved Him so.

She had to turn from Calvary,  
Turn when He bade her go,  
Leaving her heart nailed to the Tree,  
Because she loved Him so.

Mother of Jesus, Holy One,  
My sorrows thou dost know:  
Bless Thou my son, my little son,  
Because I love him so.

G. A. Studdert Kennedy.

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FOR COURAGE

LORD,  
We pray thee for courage this day,  
Courage to meet the ugly realities of life,  
The disillusionments, the monotony, the weariness,  
The unfaithfulness of friends, the emptiness of heart,  
The pain, the loneliness, the slow wearing-out of powers  
and ideals.  
Give us courage, O Lord, to confront these enemies  
As real enemies to be fought and conquered through thy  
grace. Amen. —Prayers for an Indian College.

UNDER A WILTSHIRE APPLE TREE

SOME folk as can afford,  
So I've heard say,  
Set up a sort of cross  
Right in the garden way  
To mind 'em of the Lord.

But I, when I do see  
Thik apple tree  
An'stoopin' limb  
All spread wi' moss,  
I think of Him  
And how He talks wi' me.

I think of God  
And how He trod  
That garden long ago;  
He walked, I reckon, to and fro  
And then sat down  
Upon the groun'  
Or some low limb  
What suited Him,  
Such as you see  
On many a tree,  
And on thik very one  
Where I at set o'sun  
Do sit and talk wi' He.

And, mornings too, I rise and come  
An' sit down where the branch be low;  
A bird do sing, a bee do hum,  
The flowers in the border blow,  
And all my heart's so glad and clear  
As pools when mists do disappear:

## Morning Devotions

As pools a-laughing in the light  
When mornin' air is swep' an' bright,  
As pools what got Heaven in sight  
So's my heart's cheer  
When He be near.

He never pushed the garden door,  
He left no footmark on the floor;  
I never heard 'Un stir nor tread  
And yet His Hand do bless my head,  
And when 'tis time for work to start  
I takes Him with me in my heart.

And when I die, pray God I see  
At very last thik apple tree  
An' stoopin' limb,  
And think of Him  
And all He been to me.

—Anna de Bary Bunston.

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### FOR STRENGTH TO FOLLOW CHRIST

**A**LMIGHTY God, who hast shown us in the life and teaching of thy Son the true way of blessedness, and hast also shown us in his suffering and death that the path of love may lead to the cross, and the reward of faithfulness may be a crown of thorns; Give us grace to learn these hard lessons. May we take up our cross and follow Christ, in the strength of patience and the constancy of faith; and may we have such fellowship with him in his sorrow, that we may know the secret of his strength and peace, and see, even in our darkest hour of trial and anguish, the shining of the eternal light. Amen.

—The Grey Book.

ANCIENT GIFTS FOR WORKERS STILL NEEDED

**G**RANT us, O Lord, the gift of *Prayer*; that we may pray effectually for each one that we try to help, and may bring all our difficulties to thee in such sort that we may meet each day filled with the fearless spirit of thy fear.

Grant us the *Wisdom* of a loving heart; that with a quick eye and a kind tongue, we may say the right thing rightly.

Grant us a strong *Sense of Duty* and a ready mind to realize at the moment when we should be strict with ourselves.

Grant us the royal gift of *Courage*; that we may do each disagreeable duty at once, without putting it off; and that, instead of sitting down before the Hill Difficulty, we may climb it like brave and valiant men.

Grant us a keen *Sense of Honor*; that we may set our face against everything that is not loyal or straightforward; that we may never give ourselves the benefit of the doubt; that we may be specially just to those we dislike; and may own up manfully when we have done wrong.

Grant us worthy *Ambition*; that we may fill our minds with things noble and beautiful; that we may fit ourselves to serve our Home, our Town, and our Country; and may gladly and perseveringly avail ourselves of all chances of such service, for Christs' sake. Amen.

—L. H. M. Soulsby.

FOR THE EMPIRE

**B**E gracious, O Lord, to the peoples that trust in Thee. And stretch forth the right hand of Thy protection to guard the British Dominions, that our realm, being always devoted to Thy glory, may ever be defended by Thy power, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.





FRED WALKER, ORGANIST



## Morning Devotions

### THE CROSS WAS HIS OWN

THEY borrowed a bed to lay His head  
When Christ the Lord came down;  
They borrowed the ass in the mountain pass  
For Him to ride to town;  
But the crown that He wore and the Cross that He bore  
Were His own—  
The Cross was His own.

He borrowed the bread when the crowd He fed  
On the grassy mountain side,  
He borrowed the dish of broken fish  
With which He satisfied.  
But the crown that He wore and the Cross that He bore  
Were His own—  
The Cross was His own.

He borrowed the ship in which to sit  
To teach the multitude;  
He borrowed a nest in which to rest—  
He had never a home so rude;  
But the crown that He wore and the Cross that He bore  
Were His own—  
The Cross was His own.

He borrowed a room on His way to the tomb  
The Passover Lamb to eat;  
They borrowed a cave for Him a grave,  
They borrowed a winding sheet,  
But the crown that He wore and the Cross that He bore  
Were His own—  
The Cross was His own.

—Author Unknown.

NO MAN GOETH ALONE

WHERE one is,  
There am I,—

*No man goeth alone!*

Though he fly to earth's remotest bound,  
Though his soul in the depths of sin be drowned,—

*No man goeth alone!*

Though he take him the wings of fear, and flee  
Past the outermost realms of light;  
Though he weave him a garment of mystery,  
And hide in the womb of night,—

*No man goeth alone!*

Though apart in the city's heart he dwell,  
Though he wander beyond the stars,  
Though he bury himself in his nethermost hell,  
And vanish behind the bars,—

*No man goeth alone!*

For I, God, am the soul of man,  
And none can Me dethrone,  
Where one is,  
There am I,—

*No man goeth alone!*

—John Oxenham.

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FOR TRUST

O GOD, who hast taught us to trust in thee as our loving Father; Open our hearts to share that most daring faith which thou hast revealed to thy servants in all ages, till the littleness of our knowledge is lost in the greatness of thy love; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

—Bishop Slattery.

FOR NEWNESS OF LIFE

**G**RANT, O Lord, that the ears which have heard the voice of thy songs may be closed to the voice of clamour and dispute; that the eyes which have seen thy great love may also behold thy blessed hope; that the tongues which have sung thy praise may speak the truth; that the feet which have walked thy courts may walk in the region of light; and that the bodies which have partaken of thy living Body may be restored in newness of life; to the honor and glory of thy holy Name. Amen.

—*The Grey Book.*

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THE VALLEY OF DECISION

**T**HE World is in the Valley of Decision;  
It is standing at the parting of the ways;  
Will it climb the Steps of God to realms elysian,—  
Or fall on horror of still darker days?

Will it free itself from every shameful shackle?  
Will it claim the glorious freedom of the brave?  
Will it lose the soul of Life in this debacle,  
And sink into a mean dishonoured grave?

All the world is in the Valley of Decision,  
And out of it there is but one sure road;—  
Eyes unsealed can still foresee the mighty vision  
Of a world in travail turning into God.

All the world is in the Valley of Decision,  
Who shall dare its future destiny foretell?  
Will it yield its soul unto the Heavenly Vision,  
Or sink despairing into its own hell?

—*John Oxenham.*

BY SUPPLICATION AND PRAYER

**A**LMIGHTY God who has taught us to make supplications, prayers and intercessions for all men;

We pray thee for ministers, and all who guide the thoughts of the people by their writings; for all artists, poets, dramatists, musicians and journalists; that, inspired by fine ideals, our common life may be crowned with beauty and vision.

For all who heal the body, guard the health of the people and tend the sick; that they may follow in the footsteps of Christ, the great physician.

For all on whose labour we depend for the necessities of life, for those who carry on the commerce of the world; that they may seek no private gain which would hinder the good of all.

For parents and children; that purity, love and honour may dwell in our homes, and duty and affection be the bond of all family life.

For the weak in body and mind, that they may be restored to health; for those depressed and in pain, that they may be helped and comforted;

For all that draw nigh unto death, that they may know thy presence with them through the valley of the shadow and awake to behold thy face.

FOR THE CHURCH

**O** GOD our Shepherd, give to the Church a new vision and a new charity, new wisdom and fresh understanding, the revival of her brightness and the renewal of her unity, that the eternal message of Thy Son may be hailed as the good news of the new age; through Him who maketh all things new, Christ Jesus our Lord. Amen.

SURSUM CORDA

THERE are cowslips in the clearing,  
With God's green and gold ablaze,  
And the distant hills are nearing,  
Through a sun-kissed sea of haze.

There's a lilt of silver laughter  
In the brook upon its way,  
With the sunbeams stumbling after  
Like the children at their play.

There's a distant cuckoo calling  
To the lark up in the sky  
As his song comes falling, falling  
To his nest—a happy sigh.

Sursum Corda! How the song swells  
From the woods that smile and nod.  
Sursum Corda! Ring the bluebells,  
Lift ye up your hearts to God.

G. A. Studdert Kennedy.

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A PRAYER FOR THE NIGHT

ORD, who watchest over thy children while they sleep; Receive us and all we love into thy keeping; forgive us wherein we have been ungrateful; wherein we have done our best grant that we may forget our failure. Be a resting-place for all who are in any trouble. Defend great causes in Church and Nation, for without thee those who watch them wake in vain. Guard the workers of the night, keeping far from them the powers of darkness; and to all others grant the gift of sleep, that when the morning cometh the whole world may rejoice in thy light; through Jesus Christ our Saviour. Amen. —Bishop Slattery.

FOR STRENGTH OF PURPOSE

L ORD of the world,  
We pray thee master these our weak and vacillating  
wills,  
With thine almighty, clear-discerning will.  
We would have working through our ineffectiveness  
thy quiet strength,  
Through our blind folly thy clear-eyed discernment,  
Through our changing impulses thy one direct and  
steady determination,  
Through our indecision thine unswerving judgement.  
Transform us therefore by thine own presence within  
us,  
That so being mastered and possessed by thee,  
We may find freedom in service,  
Entire liberty of our wills in entire subjection to thy  
will. Amen. —*Prayers for an Indian College.*

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L IGH T looked down and beheld Darkness:  
“Thither will I go,” said Light.  
Peace looked down and beheld War:  
“Thither will I go,” said Peace.  
Love looked down and beheld Hatred:  
“Thither will I go,” said Love.  
So came Light and shone.  
So came Peace and gave rest.  
So came Love and brought Life.  
And the Word was made Flesh and dwelt  
among us.

—*Laurence Housman.*

BUILDERS

W e shall build on!  
We shall build on!  
On through the cynic's scorning,  
On through the coward's warning,  
On through the cheat's suborning,  
We shall build on!

Firm on the Rock of Ages,  
City of saints and sages,  
Laugh while the tempest rages,  
We shall build on!

Christ, though my hands be bleeding,  
Fierce though my flesh be pleading,  
Still let me see Thee leading,  
Let me build on!

Till through death's cruel dealing,  
Brain wrecked and reason reeling,  
I hear Love's trumpets pealing,  
And I pass on.

G. A. Studdert Kennedy.

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AN EVENING PRAYER

O GOD, who hast drawn over weary day the restful veil of night, enfold us in thy heavenly peace. Lift from our hands our tasks, and all through the night bear in thy bosom the full weight of our burdens and sorrows; that in untroubled slumber we may press our weariness close to thy strength, and win new power for the morrow's duties from thee, who givest to thy beloved sleep, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

—Acts of Devotion.

THE SEEKERS

FRIENDS and loves we have none, nor  
wealth nor blessed abode,  
But the hope of the City of God at the other  
end of the road.

Not for us are content, and quiet, and peace of  
mind,  
For we go seeking a city that we shall never  
find.

There is no solace on earth for us—for such  
as we—  
Who search for a hidden city that we shall never  
see.

Only the road and the dawn, the sun, the wind,  
and the rain,  
And the watch fire under stars, and sleep, and  
the road again.

We seek the City of God, and the haunt where  
beauty dwells,  
And we find the noisy mart and the sound of  
burial bells.

Never the golden city, where radiant people  
meet,  
But the dolorous town where mourners are  
going about the street.

We travel the dusty road till the light of the  
day is dim,  
And sunset shows us spires away on the world's  
rim.







MISS EVELYN L. CORBEN, ORGANIST AT MORNING DEVOTIONS

We travel from dawn to dusk, till the day is  
past and by,  
Seeking the Holy City beyond the rim of the  
sky.

Friends and loves we have none, nor wealth  
nor blessed abode,  
But the hope of the City of God at the other end  
of the road.

—John Masefield.

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### FOR FORTITUDE OF SPIRIT

**A**Lmighty God, who hast called us to be citizens of this Dominion and Empire, enable us in this time of trouble to walk worthy of our calling. Unite us all in true Christian love and charity one towards another. Help us to bear with patience and fortitude the burdens which may be laid upon us. Keep us calm, steadfast, and unselfish; and grant that in all our troubles we may put our whole trust and confidence in Thy mercy, and evermore serve Thee in holiness and pureness of living, to Thy honour and glory; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

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O Thou who art heroic love, kindle, we pray Thee, in our hearts that high spirit of adventure in which our countrymen have ever scorned the way of safety and sought danger, rather, to do Thy will. Help us to prove worthy of their brave and loving company who, at Thy bidding, put everything upon the hazard, until they passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for them on the other side. Amen.

THE THOUGHTFUL MINUTE

THERE is a sense in which every human being is terribly alone. Perhaps we have felt this when visiting a strange city—perhaps we have felt it at times within the confines of our own home. “The heart knoweth its own bitterness.” In the secret places of the heart there are things that cannot be conveyed to others.

In all the great quests of life we stand alone. When a crucial decision has to be made even our best friends can help but little. We may consult them, listen to their opinions and counsel, but ultimately the decision has to be made within the lonely, mysterious depths of our own being. In the last analysis every man bears his own burden.

Our Lord was no exception to this. One cannot read through the Gospels without being struck by the loneliness of Jesus. Even His most intimate friends failed to get beneath the surface of His meanings. Nor have the greatest saints or mightiest intellects of any age succeeded in plumbing the depths of His teaching. From cradle to Cross Jesus’ life was lonely. And yet, He could say, “I am not alone, for my Father is with Me.”

There is a mighty, potent significance in these words. Man needs fellowship—fellowship not only with his kind, but with God. With all the material blessings that this world can bestow upon him—a palace in which to dwell, costly food to eat, money to spend and so on, there are these deeper cravings of the heart for fellowship and love, and until they are satisfied man knows no rest. Man needs a Friend.

Does it not reduce to this? No man is spiritually alone who has found God. Every man is terribly, desolatingly, terrifyingly alone until he has found God.

And there is this to be added. Imperfectly as we can know

## Morning Devotions

and be know in this world the most complete fellowship possible is that of religion. "The fellowship of His suffering," the bond of His stand against the wrong, the beauty of His patience with the weak, are elements that form the highest bond of union between man and man, nation and nation. The fellowship of true religion is the most nearly perfect fellowship that we mortals can know.

—*The Weekly Scotsman, Edinburgh.*

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### THE WEAVER

SPIN cheerfully,  
Not tearfully;  
Though wearily you plod.  
Spin carefully,  
Spin prayerfully,  
But leave the thread to God.  
  
The shuttles of His purpose move  
To weave His own design.  
Seek not too soon to disapprove  
His work nor yet assign  
Dark motives when with silent dread  
You view each somber fold,  
For lo! within each darker thread  
There shines a thread of gold.

Spin cheerfully,  
Not tearfully;  
He knows the way you plod.  
Spin carefully,  
Spin prayerfully,  
But leave the thread with God.

SONG OF ALL CREATURES

**M**OST high omnipotent, good Lord,  
Thine are praise, glory and honour and all  
benediction,  
To Thee alone, Most High, do they belong:  
And no man is there, worthy Thee to Name.  
Praise be to Thee, my Lord, with all Thy creatures,  
Chiefest of all, Sir Brother Sun  
Who is our day, through whom Thou givest light:  
Beautiful is he; radiant, with great splendour:  
Of Thee, Most High, he is a true revealour.  
Praise be to Thee, my Lord, for Sister Moon and for  
the stars;  
In heaven hast Thou formed them, bright, precious  
and fair.  
Praise be to Thee, my Lord, for Brother Wind and for  
the air and for the cloud, for clear sky and all  
weathers,  
By which Thou givest nourishment to all Thy creatures.  
Praise to Thee, my Lord, for Sister Water; she  
Most useful is, and humble, precious and pure.  
Praise be to Thee, my Lord, for Brother Fire; by whom  
Thou lightest up the night:  
And fair is he and merry, mighty and strong.  
Praise be to Thee, my Lord, for our Sister,  
Mother Earth,  
The which sustains and keeps us:  
She brings forth diverse fruits, the many-hued flowers  
and grass.  
O Creatures all! praise and bless my Lord, and grateful be,  
And serve Him with deep humility.

—*St. Francis of Assisi.*

THANKSGIVING

**A**LMIGHTY and everliving God, we yield thee most high praise and hearty thanks for the wonderful grace and virtue declared in all thy saints, who have been the choice vessels of thy grace, and the lights of the world in their several generations; most humbly beseeching thee to give us grace so to follow the example of their steadfastness in thy faith, and obedience to thy holy commandments, that at the day of the general resurrection we, with all those who are of the mystical body of thy Son, may be set on his right hand, and hear his most joyful voice: Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. Grant this, O Father, for Jesus Christ's sake, our only Mediator and Advocate. Amen.

—*Book of Common Prayer.*

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BE STRONG!

**B**E strong!  
We are not here to play—to dream, to drift.  
We have hard work to do and loads to lift.  
Shun not the struggle—face it; 'tis God's gift.

Be strong!  
Say not the days are evil. Who's to blame?  
And fold the hands and acquiesce.—O shame!  
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.

Be strong!  
It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong,  
How hard the battle goes, the day how long;  
Faint not—fight on! Tomorrow comes the song.

—*Maltbie D. Babcock.*

A HYMN

RISE up, O men of God!  
Have done with lesser things;  
Give heart and soul and mind and strength  
To serve the King of kings.

Rise up, O men of God!  
His Kingdom tarries long;  
Bring in the day of brotherhood  
And end the night of wrong.

Rise up, O men of God!  
The Church for you doth wait;  
Her strength unequal to the task;  
Rise up, and make her great!

Lift high the Cross of CHRIST!  
Tread where his feet have trod,  
As brothers of the SON of Man  
Rise up, O men of God! Amen.

Rev. W. P. Merrill, 1909.

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FOR PEACE OF MIND

GRANT unto us, O Heavenly Father, thy peace that passeth understanding, that we, amid the storms and troubles of this our life, may rest in thee, knowing that all things are in thee, under thy care, governed by thy will, guarded by thy love; so that with a quiet heart we may face the storms of life, the cloud and the thick darkness, ever rejoicing to know that the darkness and the light are both alike to thee; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

—The Grey Book.



## Morning Devotions

HE who would valiant be  
'Gainst all disaster,  
Let him in constancy  
Follow the Master.  
There's no discouragement  
Shall make him once relent  
His first avowed intent  
To be a pilgrim.

2 Who so beset him round  
With dismal stories,  
Do but themselves confound—  
His strength the more is.  
No foes shall stay his might,  
Though he with giants fight:  
He will make good his right  
To be a pilgrim.

3 Since, LORD, thou dost defend  
Us with thy SPIRIT,  
We know we at the end  
Shall life inherit.  
Then fancies flee away!  
I'll fear not what men say,  
I'll labour night and day  
To be a pilgrim. Amen.

*J. Bunyan (1684), and others.*

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STIR up, we beseech thee, O Lord, the wills of thy faithful people; that they, plenteously bringing forth the fruit of good works, may of thee be plenteously rewarded; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

THAT PRAYER BE MADE

**A**LMIGHTY God, our Heavenly Father, who lovest all and forgettest none, we bring to thee our supplications for all thy creatures and all thy children. For all whom we love and for whom we watch and care. For all who have blessed us with kindness and led us with patience, restored us with their sympathy and help.

We would remember before thee all who are bearing the cross of suffering, the sick in body and the weak in mind. All who have been bereaved of relations or friends; all who are troubled by the suffering or the sin of those they love; all who have met with wordly loss, that in the dark and cloudy day they may find assurance and peace in thee. We pray for all who are absorbed in their own grief, that they may be raised to share the sorrows of their brethren, and know the secret and blessed fellowship of the Cross.

Remember, O Lord, all who are lonely and sad in the midst of others' joy, the aged and infirm, those who feel their life's work is done and can no longer lend a helping hand where once they did, all who are passing through the valley of shadows, that they may find that Christ, the risen of the dead is with them, and that there is light at evening time.

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FRIENDS

**I**F nobody smiled and nobody cheered  
And nobody helped us along,  
If each minute looked after himself,  
And good things all went to the strong;  
If nobody cared just a little for you,  
And nobody thought of me,  
And we all stood alone in the battle of life,  
What a dreary old world this would be!

8  
11.



MISS BERTHA TUCKETT, SECRETARY

THE THINGS THAT HAVEN'T BEEN  
DONE BEFORE

THE things that haven't been done before,  
Those are the things to try.  
Columbus dreamed of an unknown shore,  
At the rim of the far-flung sky.  
And his heart was bold and his faith was strong,  
As he ventured in dangers new,  
And he paid no heed to the jeering throng,  
Or the fears of the doubting crew.

The many will follow the beaten track  
With guide posts along the way.  
They live and have for ages back  
With a chart for every day.  
Someone has told them it's safe to go  
On the road he has traveled o'er,  
And all that they ever strive to know  
Are the things that were known before.

The things that haven't been done before  
Are the tasks worth while today.  
Are you one of the flock that follows, or  
Are you one that shall lead the way?  
Are you one of the timid souls that quail  
At the jeers of the doubting crew,  
Or dare you, whether you win or fail,  
Strike out for the goal that's new?

—Author Unknown.

**I**N a chapter of one of his recent books Leslie Weatherhead makes some Triumphant Declarations that are well worth considering. In dark and anxious days of war especially they provide focusing power for Christian thought. There is nothing new in them—good Christian men of every generation have drawn strength from them—but perhaps we have been in danger of forgetting them to-day.

God reigns. That is the first. He is on the throne of this universe. The triumph of His purpose and will is assured. Nothing, nobody, no power on earth, no evil thing can prevail against Him. He is over all. Men may defy Him for a time, may ignore or reject Him, but ultimately He will bring all things in subjection to Him. Love must conquer hate; good must conquer evil; beauty must conquer ugliness; truth must conquer lies. And our pledge for all this is the Cross at Calvary.

God cares. That is the second. Once upon a time some men were out on the Sea of Galilee in a boat. A storm arose and the men became badly frightened thinking their last hour had come. They forget one vital thing. Christ was in the same boat. They learned that day a valuable lesson. In all reverence let us remember, God is in the same boat as we are. The sufferings around us vex and hurt us. God bears the sufferings of the whole world in His heart. And His love, being so infinitely deeper and purer than ours, He must necessarily know an infinitely greater grief. God cares. And again our pledge for all this is the Cross of Calvary.

God strives. That is the third. We are so apt to think that He does nothing. Some of the Psalmists were so tempted as were the prophets at times. Even Peter in the Garden of Gethsemane wondered angrily when he saw his Master being marched off. God does strive. Many saw God's hand

## Morning Devotions

in the evacuation of Dunkirk. Those who cannot see evidence for His intervention must remember that His ways are not our ways. Now we see through a glass darkly. But we believe that God is striving to bring everything and everyone into harmony with His holy will. And again our pledge for all this is the Cross at Calvary.

Remember these Triumphant Declarations you who are faint-hearted or dejected or sorrow-stricken. God reigns. God cares. God strives.

—*The Weekly Scotsman, Edinburgh.*

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### ST. PATRICK'S BREAST PLATE

MAY the strength of God pilot us.

May the power of God preserve us.

May the wisdom of God instruct us.

May the hand of God protect us.

May the way of God direct us.

May the shield of God defend us.

May the host of God guard us

against the snares of the Evil One

and the temptations of the world.

May Christ be with us. Christ before us.

Christ in us. Christ over us.

May thy salvation, O Lord,

be always ours this day and for evermore.

Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be glory throughout all ages, world without end.

"LISTENING IN"

GOD has a "wireless" to everywhere,  
We call it the Word of God and Prayer,  
And everyone may daily win  
God's choicest gifts by "listening in."

First you must shut out every sound  
From the busy world which throngs around,  
For Vanity Fair makes a deafening din  
On purpose to hinder "listening in."

The devil will use his utmost power  
To stop you from having this quiet hour,  
For well he knows that safety from sin  
Comes always and only from "listening in."

But when you have prayerfully read God's Word,  
The still small voice will then be heard,  
And wondrous peace and power within  
Daily result from "listening in."

God longs to give His best to you  
To make you loyal and strong and true.  
If you've not begun, to-day begin  
To prove the joy of "listening in."

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"WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD"

O GOD, who requirest that we seek thee, and who  
makest us find thee, and who openest to us when we  
knock; O God, from whom to be averted is to fall, and to  
whom to be converted is to rise, and in whom to remain is  
to consist; O God, whom to know is to live, whom to serve  
is to reign; we praise thee, we bless thee, and we adore thee.

—St. Augustine.



FOR CHILDREN

O ALMIGHTY God, who makest us both to will and to do those things which are well pleasing in thy sight; Stir up, we beseech thee, the pure minds of the children of thy Church. Bless all means employed for the instruction of the young; implant in their hearts such gratitude for thy Gospel as will make them eager sharers in bringing others to the knowledge of thee and of thy Son Jesus Christ; so that many may be brought out of darkness and error into the glorious liberty of the children of God; to the praise of thy Name, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

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THE FRIEND WHO JUST STANDS BY

WHEN troubles come your soul to try  
You love the friend who just "stands by."  
Perhaps there's nothing he can do—  
The thing is strictly up to you,  
For there are troubles all your own,  
And paths the soul must tread alone,  
And times when love can't smooth the road,  
Nor friendship lift the heavy load.

But just to feel you have a friend  
Who will "stand by" unto the end,  
Whose sympathy through all endures,  
Whose warm handclasp is always yours—  
It helps some way to pull you through,  
Although there's nothing he can do.  
And so with fervent heart you cry  
"God bless the friend who just 'stands by!' "

—B. Y. Williams.

ENGLAND

SHATTER her beauteous breast you may;  
The Spirit of England none can slay,  
Dash the bomb on the dome of St. Paul's—  
Deem ye the fame of Nelson falls?  
Pry the stones from the chancel-floor—  
Dream ye that Shakespeare shall live no more?  
Where is the giant shot that kills  
Wordsworth walking the old green hills?  
Trample the red rose on the ground—  
Keats is Beauty while earth spins round!  
Bind her, grind her, burn her with fire,  
Cast her ashes into the sea,—  
She shall escape, she shall aspire,  
She shall arise to make men free;  
She shall arise in a sacred scorn,  
Lighting the lives that are yet unborn;  
Spirit supernal, splendor eternal,  
ENGLAND.

—H. G. Cone.

in *Atlantic Monthly*, Feb. 1915.

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We thank Thee, O God of the Nations, that Thou hast given us this great land to be our home. Help us to be worthy of our heritage of field and forest, prairie and mountain, of river, lake, and sea. In this day of battle give us the will to defend its liberties and its "way of life" won for us by our fathers. Bless and protect our Church, and make us to be true and faithful to our trust in this day of trial, as were our fathers in their day and place, and in the old time before them. These things we ask in the Name and for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

FOR RESTORATION, UNITY AND PEACE

**O** GOD, the physician of men and nations, the restorer of the years that have been destroyed: Look upon the distraction of the world and the division of Thy Church, and be pleased to stretch forth Thy healing hand. Draw all men unto Thee and one to another by the bands of Thy love; make Thy Church one, and fill it with Thy Spirit, that by Thy power it may unite the world in a sacred brotherhood of nations, where justice, mercy and faith, truth and freedom may flourish, and Thou mayest be ever glorified, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

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**A** BOY was born at Bethlehem  
That knew the haunts of Galilee.  
He wandered on Mount Lebanon,  
And learned to love each forest tree.

But I was born at Marlborough,  
And love the homely faces there;  
And for all other men besides  
'Tis little love I have to spare.

I should not mind to die for them,  
My own dear downs, my comrades true;  
But that great heart of Bethlehem,  
He died for men He never knew.

And yet, I think, at Golgotha,  
As Jesus' eyes were closed in death,  
They saw with love most passionate  
The village street at Nazareth.

—E. Hilton Young.

A FENCE OR AN AMBULANCE?

'T WAS a dangerous cliff, as they freely confessed,  
Though to walk near its crest was so pleasant,  
But over its terrible edge there had slipped  
A duke and full many a peasant,  
So the people said something would have to be done—  
But their projects did not at all tally,  
Some said, "Put a fence 'round the edge of the cliff."  
Some, "An ambulance down in the valley."  
But the cry for the ambulance carried the day,  
For it spread through the neighboring city;  
A fence may be useful or not, it is true,  
But each heart was brimful of pity  
For those who slipped over that dangerous cliff;  
And the dwellers in highway and valley  
Gave pound or gave pence, not to put up a fence,  
But an ambulance down in the valley.  
"For the cliff is all right if you're careful," they said,  
"And if folks ever slip or are dropping,  
It isn't the slipping that hurts them so much  
As the shock down below when they're stopping."  
Then an old sage remarked, "It's a marvel to me  
That people give far more attention  
To repairing results than to stopping the cause  
When they'd much better aim at prevention."  
"Let us stop at its source all this mischief," cried he.  
"Come, neighbors and friends, let us rally;  
If the cliff we will fence we might almost dispense  
With the ambulance down in the valley."  
"Oh, he's a fanatic," the other rejoined.  
"Dispense with the ambulance, never!





E. L. LOWERY, VERGER

## Morning Devotions

He'd dispense with all charities, too, if he could.

But no! We'll protect them forever;

Aren't we picking up folks just as fast as they fall?

And shall this man dictate to us? Shall he?

Why should people of sense stop to put up a fence

While their ambulance works in the valley?"

But a sensible few who are practical, too,

Will not bear with such nonsense much longer;

They believe that prevention is better than cure,

And their party soon be the stronger.

Encourage them then, with your purse, voice and pen,

And (while other philanthropists dally)

They will scorn all pretense and put up a stout fence

On the cliff that hangs over the valley."

—*Author Unknown.*

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### A HOME PRAYER

**O** LORD, grant that each one who has to do with me today may be the happier for it.

Let it be given me each hour today what I shall say, and grant me the wisdom of a loving heart that I may say the right thing rightly.

Help me to enter into the mind of everyone who talks with me, and keep me alive to the feelings of each one present.

Give me a quick eye for little kindnesses that I may be ready in doing them and gracious in receiving them.

Give me a quick perception of the feelings and needs of others, and make me eager-hearted in helping them. Amen.

—*L. H. M. Soulsby.*

A CONFIRMATION PRAYER

**A**LMIGHTY and Everlasting God, by whose grace thy servants are enabled to fight the good fight of faith, and ever to prove victorious, I humbly beseech thee to strengthen me by thy mighty power for the battle of life; that in thy strength I may fight my sins and temptations and overcome them.

Inspire me with thy Holy Spirit that I may think wisely, speak rightly, resolve bravely, act kindly, live purely. Bless me in body and soul and make me a blessing to others. May my chief aim always be to do my duty faithfully to thee, and to my fellow men. Let the assurance of thy Presence save me in death. O Lord my God accept this prayer for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen. —Dean Rousmaniere.

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**I**F Love should count you worthy, and should  
deign

One day to seek your door and be your guest,  
Pause! ere you draw the bolt and bid him rest,  
If in your old content you would remain,  
For not alone he enters: in his train  
Are angels of the mists, the lonely quest,  
Dreams of the unfulfilled and unpossessed,  
And sorrow, and Life's immemorial pain.

He wakes desires you never may forget,  
He shows you stars you never saw before,  
He makes you share with him, for evermore,  
The burden of the world's divine regret.  
How wise were you to open not!—and yet,  
How poor if you should turn him from the  
door.

—Sidney Royse Lysaght.



WE THANK THEE, O FATHER

LET us praise and thank God in gladness and humility for all great and simple joys;

For the gift of wonder and the joy of discovery; for the everlasting freshness of experience; for the newness of life each day as we grow older;

For children and the joy of innocency, for all the sanctities of family life and for all that our friendships bring to us;

For all that comes to us through sympathy and through sorrow, and for the joy of work attempted and achieved; For the gift of humour and gaiety of heart, and for all pure comedy and laughter;

For singers and musicians; for poets and craftsmen; for all who work in form and colour to increase the joy and beauty of life;

For the gifts of science and invention, and for the recreation brought to our homes by books and pictures and by wireless;

For the likeness of Christ in ordinary people, their forbearance and generosity, their good temper, their courage and their kindness;

For all obscure and humble lives of service, and for all who have given themselves in lending a helping hand to others.

*We thank thee, O Father.*

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MY PEACE I GIVE UNTO YOU

REFRESH us, O Blessed Jesus, with thy presence and thy power. Quieten our restless spirits. Open our hearts to the love of God, that in his light we may see light, and filled with his Spirit we may find joy and strength and bring help to others, to thy honour and glory for ever and ever.

FROM "THE GLORY OF THE GARDEN"  
(KIPLING)

OUR England is a garden, and such  
gardens are not made  
By singing, "Oh, how beautiful!"  
and sitting in the shade,  
While better men than we go out  
and start their working lives  
At grubbing weeds from gravel-  
paths with broken dinner-knives.

There's not a pair of legs so thin,  
there's not a head so thick,  
There's not a hand so weak and  
white, nor yet a heart so sick,  
But it can find some needful job  
that's crying to be done,  
For the Glory of the Garden  
glorifieth every one.

Then seek your job with thankful-  
ness and work till further orders,  
If it's only netting strawberries or  
killing slugs on borders;  
And when your back stops aching  
and your hands begin to harden,  
You will find yourself a partner in  
the Glory of the Garden.

Oh, Adam was a gardener, and God  
who made him sees  
That half a proper gardener's work  
is done upon his knees;  
So when your work is finished, you

## Morning Devotions

can wash your hands and pray  
For the Glory of the Garden that  
it may not pass away!  
And the Glory of the Garden it  
shall never pass away!

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### FOR THE PEACE OF THE WORLD

**O**VERRULE, we pray Thee, O God, the sinful passions and designs of men; let Thy strong hand control the nations, and bring forth out of the present discord a harmony more perfect than we can conceive, a new humility, a new understanding, a new purity and sincerity, a new sense of spiritual reality, a new hunger and thirst for Thy love to rule on the earth; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

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### BE STRONG AND OF A GOOD COURAGE

**O** GOD, our heavenly Father, we thy children come now to thy feet with our supplications. We cannot live without thy blessing. Life is too hard for us, duty is too large. We get discouraged and are too easily disheartened. We come to thee in our weakness, asking thee for strength. Help us always to be of good cheer. Let us not be disheartened by our difficulties. Let us never doubt thy love or any of thy promises. Give us grace to be encouragers of others, never discouragers. Let us not go about with sadness or fear among men, but let us always make life easier, never harder, for those who come within our influence, and help us to show something of the love of Christ in our lives. We beseech thee to hear us, to receive our prayer, and to forgive our sins; for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord.

FOR RENEWED CONSECRATION

O ETERNAL God, who committest to us the swift and solemn trust of life; Since we know not what a day may bring forth, but only that the hour for serving thee is always present, may we wake to the instant claims of thy holy will, not waiting for tomorrow, but yielding today. Lay to rest, by the persuasion of thy Spirit, the resistance of our passion, idolence or fear. Consecrate with thy presence the way our feet may go, and the humblest work will shine, and the roughest places be made plain. Lift us above unrighteous anger and mistrust into faith and hope and charity by a simple and steadfast reliance on thy sure will. In all things draw us to the mind of Christ, that thy lost image may be traced again and thou mayest own us as at one with him and thee, who art with the Holy Spirit, one God, world without end. Amen.

—James Martineau.

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FOR COURAGE AND SELF-SUBJECTION

GIVE us, O God, the power to go on,  
To carry our share of the burden through to the end,  
To live all the years of our life  
Faithful to the highest we have seen,  
With no panderings to the second-best,  
No leniency to our lower selves,  
No looking backward,  
No cowardice.  
Give us the power to give ourselves.  
To break the bread of our lives unto starving humanity,  
In humble self-subjection to serve others,  
As thou, O God, dost serve thy world. Amen.

—Prayers for an Indian College.

WORSHIP

FATHER of mercies, God of all comfort;  
Father from whom all fatherhood in heaven and earth  
is named;

We, the children of thy bounty, rejoice and are glad in  
thee.

Father of lights, in whom is no variableness, neither shadow  
that is cast by turning;

Without whom not a sparrow falls to the ground;  
Upon thy unchangeable and steadfast love we rest our  
storm-tossed spirits.

Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hast revealed thyself  
to us in the face of thy Son, full of grace and truth;  
With overflowing hearts we worship and adore thee.

—Amen.

—Archdeacon Storr.

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A THANKSGIVING

O GOD of Love, we yield thee thanks for whatsoever  
thou hast given us richly to enjoy, for health and vigor,  
for the love and care of home, for joys of friendship, and for  
every good gift of happiness and strength. We praise thee  
for all thy servants who by their example and encourage-  
ment have helped us on our way, and for every vision of  
thyself which thou hast ever given us in sacrament or prayer;  
and we humbly beseech thee that all these thy benefits we  
may use in thy service and to the glory of thy holy Name;  
through Jesus Christ, thy Son, our Lord. Amen.

—The Rugby Office.

THE DIVINE CARPENTER

**G**OD is a Carpenter hewing precious wood,  
Planing it and smoothing it until its shape is good.

God is a Merchant, buying souls to fashion;  
His Coin is love and tenderness and uttermost compassion.

God is a Shipwright. Mighty Ships and Swift,  
Go forth from underneath His Hands, to succour souls adrift.

God is a Mason. That foundation stone,  
On which the earth and heaven stand, came from His Hand  
alone.

God is such a mighty Being so wonderful and vast,  
That He is all things under Sun, The first and still the last.

BUT first He was a Carpenter, shaping Souls of Gold  
From cheap woods and precious woods, and new woods and  
old.

—Anon.

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FOR THE SPIRIT OF SYMPATHY

**A**LMIGHTY Father, thou lover of the sons of men,  
write deep in our hearts the sufferings and needs of  
many souls and their longing for thee. Make us eyes to the  
blind, and feet to the lame, and as the shadow of a great  
rock to those who are wearied by the burden and heat of  
the day. And grant that having served thee faithfully in  
our generation here below, we may find our perfect con-  
summation and joy in serving thee in those broader fields  
of life into which it may please thee to call us at the last.  
Amen.

—Bishop Scarlett.

## Morning Devotions

### A BOY'S PRAYER

**O** GOD, give me clean hands, clean words, clean thoughts. Help me to stand for the hard right against the easy wrong. Save me from habits that harm. Teach me to work as hard, and to play as fair, in thy sight alone, as if all the world saw; Forgive me when I am unkind, and help me to forgive those who are unkind to me; Keep me ready to help others at some cost to myself; Send me chances to do a little good every day, and so grow more like Christ. Amen.

—DeWitt Hyde.

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### FOR PARENTS AND CHILDREN

**O** GOD, our Heavenly Father, who has blessed us with the joy and care of children; Give us light and strength so to train them, that they may love whatsoever things are true, and pure, and lovely, and of good report; following the example of their Saviour, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

—Book of Common Prayer.

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### A TWELFTH CENTURY PRAYER

By RICHARD ONCE BISHOP OF CHICHESTER, ENGLAND.

**T**HANKS be to thee, my Lord Jesus Christ,  
For all the benefits thou hast given me,  
For all the pains and insults thou hast borne for me.  
O most merciful Redeemer, Friend and Brother.  
May I know thee more clearly,  
May I love thee more dearly,  
May I follow thee more nearly. Amen.

FOR THE COMPANIONSHIP OF CHRIST

**O** BLESSED Jesus, whom to know is everlasting life and who didst walk through the lanes and fields of Galilee with thy disciples; go forth with us this day as we go about our tasks and duties. Go before us in welcome, be with us in fellowship along the way, and as we pass on, do thou remain in the hearts of those whose lives we touch; for thou art the beginning and the end, the same yesterday, today and forever, our Lord and Saviour. Amen.

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FOR COURAGE

**G**IVE to me that courage which comes only from living close to thee, the infinite source of all power and might, so that I may meet whatever comes to me with serenity and peace of heart and mind, and never fail to think brave thoughts, to speak brave words, and to do brave deeds; through Jesus Christ, our Master. Amen.

—H. S. Nash.

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APPROACH TO GOD

**L**ORD, I believe in thee, help thou my unbelief; I love thee, yet not with a perfect heart as I would; I long for thee, yet not with my whole strength; I trust in thee, yet not with my whole mind. Accept my faith, my love, my longing to know and serve thee, my trust in thy power to keep me. What is cold do thou kindle, what is lacking do thou make up. I wait thy blessing; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

—Malcolm Spencer.



## Morning Devotions

YET if His Majesty, our sovereign lord,  
Should of his own accord  
Friendly himself invite,  
And say: "I'll be your guest to-morrow night,"  
How should we stir ourselves, call and command  
"All hands to work! Let no man idle stand!

"Set me fine Spanish tables in the hall;  
See they be fitted all;  
Let there be room to eat  
And order taken that there want no meat.  
See every sconce and candlestick made bright,  
That without tapers they may give a light.

"Look to the presence. Are the carpets spread?  
The dais o'er the head?  
The cushions in the chairs,  
And all the candles lighted on the stairs?  
Perfume the chambers, and in any case  
Let each man give attendance in his place!"

Thus, if a king were coming, would we do;  
And 'twere good reason, too.  
For, 'tis a duteous thing  
To show all honour to an earthly king,  
And after all our travail and our cost  
So he be pleased, to think no labour lost.

But, at the coming of the King of Heaven,  
All's set at six and seven;  
We wallow in our sin.  
Christ cannot find a chamber in the inn.  
We entertain Him always like a stranger,  
And, as at first, still lodge Him in the manger.

—Henry Vaughan.

FOR THE KING AND HIS ADVISORS

**O** LORD God Almighty, guide, we pray Thee, our Sovereign and all those to whom Thou hast committed the government of our nation and empire; and grant to them at this time special gifts of wisdom and understanding, of counsel and strength; that upholding what is right, and following what is true, they may obey Thy holy will and fulfill Thy Divine purpose; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

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GENERAL MISSIONS

**O** GOD, who hast made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on the face of the whole earth, and didst send thy blessed Son to preach peace to them that are far off and to them that are nigh; Grant that all men everywhere may seek after thee and find thee. Bring the nations into thy fold, pour out thy Spirit upon all flesh, and hasten thy Kingdom; through the same thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

—*Book of Common Prayer.*

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FOR MISSIONS

**E**VERLASTING Father, the Radiance of faithful souls, who didst bring the nations to thy light and kings to the brightness of thy rising; Fill, we beseech thee, the world with thy glory and show thyself unto all the nations; through him who is the true light and the bright and morning star, Jesus Christ, thy Son our Lord. Amen.

—*The Grey Book.*

## Morning Devotions

O GOD of earth and altar,  
Bow down and hear our cry,  
Our earthly rulers falter,  
Our people drift and die;  
The walls of gold entomb us,  
The swords of scorn divide,  
Take not thy thunder from us,  
But take away our pride.

From all that terror teaches,  
From lies of tongue and pen,  
From all the easy speeches  
That comfort cruel men,  
From sale and profanation  
Of honour and the sword,  
From sleep and from damnation,  
Deliver us, good Lord!

Tie in a living tether  
The prince and priest and thrall,  
Bind all our lives together,  
Smite us and save us all;  
In ire and exultation  
Aflame with faith, and free,  
Lift up a living nation,  
A single sword to thee.

—G. K. Chesterton.

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O LORD, support us all the day long of this pilgrim life,  
until the shadows lengthen, and the evening comes,  
and the busy world is hushed, and the fever of life is over,  
and our work is done. Then in Thy mercy grant us a safe  
lodging, and a holy rest, and peace at the last. Through  
Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

FOR A VISION OF THE CROSS

**M**OST Gracious Saviour, bring us in sight of the Cross, at once life's mystery and life's healing. And may our foolish wandering and false self-worship come to an end this day. Hold us, for thou art stronger than we. Forgive us, for thou art kinder than we dare to be. Renew thy spirit in us for thou alone can make us fit to serve thee to the honor and glory of thy holy Name. Amen.

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HAVE COMPASSION ON US AND HELP US

**A**LMIGHTY God, who art afflicted in the afflictions of thy people, and art full of compassion and tender mercy, hear us as we pray for those who are passing through hard times; those who have lost the health and strength that once was theirs; those who are trying to face illness and suffering bravely;

For all who are handicapped in the race of life through no fault of their own; for the defective and delicate and the permanently injured;

For those who lie in pain, any who have to face undergoing an operation; for the blind, the deaf and the dumb; and for all who have to watch their loved ones suffer;

For those whose livelihood is insecure, those who cannot find work, for the hungry, the homeless and the destitute; For those who have to bear their burdens alone, and for all who have lost those whom they love;

For those who are in doubt or anguish of soul, for those who are victims of depression, nerves and fear; for those whose suffering is unrelieved by the knowledge of thy love;

*Dear Lord, we pray to thee.*

PRAYER AND DEEDS

NO answer comes to those who pray,  
Then idly stand  
And wait for stones to roll away  
At God's command.  
He will not break the binding cords  
Upon us laid  
If we depend on pleading words,  
And do not aid.  
When hands are idle, words are vain  
To move the stone;  
An abiding angel would disdain  
To work alone;  
But he who prayeth and is strong  
In faith and deed,  
And toileth earnestly, ere long  
He will succeed.

—Author Unknown.

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THE LABOURER IS WORTHY

O GOD, whose Son Jesus Christ wrought as a craftsman amongst the sons of men, we ask thy blessing on all the toiling thousands of our cities. Grant to those who employ them a sense of justice and sympathy, and to those who labour a knowledge of the dignity and worth of their work. Keep us from prejudice of class or education, and help us to bring about a brotherhood of men so that all may work gladly to build a city where slums are no more, oppression has ceased, competition is fair, and thou mayest be ever glorified in praise and worship and work, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

I COME in the little things,  
Saith the Lord:  
Not borne on morning wings  
Of majesty, but I have set My Feet  
Amidst the delicate and bladed wheat  
That springs triumphant in the furrowed sod.  
There do I dwell, in weakness and in power;  
Not broken or divided, saith our God!  
In your straight garden plot I come to flower:  
About your porch My Vine  
Meek, fruitful, doth entwine;  
Waits, at the threshold, Love's appointed hour.

I come in the little things,  
Saith the Lord:  
Yea! on the glancing wings  
Of eager birds, the softly pattering feet  
Of furred and gentle beasts, I come to meet  
Your hard and wayward heart. In brown  
    bright eyes  
That peep from out the brake, I stand confest.  
On every nest  
Where feathery Patience is content to brood  
And leaves her pleasure for the high emprise  
Of motherhood—  
There doth My Godhead rest.

I come in the little things,  
Saith the Lord:  
My starry wings  
I do forsake,  
Love's highway of humility to take:  
Meekly I fit my stature to your need.  
In beggar's part

## Morning Devotions

About your gates I shall not cease to plead—  
As man, to speak with man—  
Till by such art  
I shall achieve My Immemorial Plan,  
Pass the low lintel of the human heart.

—*Evelyn Underhill.*

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### FOR THOSE IN NEED

BLESSED Jesus, the Friend of such as hunger after righteousness, we bring to thee the penitents who long to do thy will yet stumble continually; the strugglers after purity who are beguiled by the imagination; the secretly devoted who are restrained by fear of hypocrisy; all who long to pray but scarce know how, all tired souls distracted by wandering thoughts, and everyone who finds it hard to follow thee. Amen.

—*Acts of Devotion.*

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### THEY BROUGHT UNTO HIM THEM THAT WERE SICK

MOST Blessed God, who when thou wast on earth, brought healing to the sick, and peace to all those who suffered pain, give thy help, we beseech thee, to all hospitals; turn our hearts to pity that we may follow in thy footsteps: give power to all those who exercise the art of healing, give patience to the nurses and love to all those who visit the sick; and grant that through them thine unseen presence may be felt by all who suffer; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

FOR THOSE WHO ARE FAR AWAY

**O** LORD of Love, who art not far from any of thy children, watch with thy care those who are far away from us; be thou about their path; be thou within their hearts; be thou their defence upon their right hand. Give them unfailing trust in thee; grant them power against temptation; qualify them for whatever task thou givest them to do; deliver them from the snare of setting duty aside; make it their joy to do thy will. Let not distance break the bonds of love which bind them to us and to thee, but knit us closer in thy love; for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

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AS YOUR FATHER ALSO IS MERCIFUL

**W**E humbly beseech thee, O Father, mercifully to look upon our infirmities, and for the glory of thy name turn from us all those evils that we most righteously have deserved: and grant that in all our troubles we may put our whole trust and confidence in thy mercy, and evermore serve thee in holiness and pureness of living to thine honour and glory, through our only mediator and advocate Jesus Christ our Lord.

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BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART

**M**OST merciful Lord, who has taught us that the pure in heart shall see God, cleanse our hearts from all impurity. Give us such hatred of all that is evil and such love of all that is beautiful and strong that we may be delivered from temptation and become a strength to others who are tempted, this we ask for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord.



AT THE END OF THE KING'S HIGHWAY

I WORKED for men," my Lord will say  
When we meet at the end of the King's Highway.  
"I walked with the beggar along the road,  
I kissed the bondsman stung by the goad,  
I bore my half of the porter's load.  
And what did you?" my Lord will say,  
"As you traveled along the King's Highway?"  
"I made life sweet," my Lord will say,  
When we meet at the end of the King's Highway,  
"I smoothed the paths where the thorns annoy,  
I gave the mother back her boy,  
I mended the children's broken toy.  
And what did you?" my Lord will say,  
"As you traveled along the King's Highway?"  
"I showed men God," my Lord will say,  
"As I traveled along the King's Highway.  
I eased the sister's troubled mind,  
I helped the blighted to be resigned;  
I showed the skies to souls grown blind.  
And what did you?" my Lord will say,  
When we meet at the end of the King's Highway.

—Author Unknown.

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FOR COMFORT

COMFORT, we beseech thee, most gracious God, thy servants who are cast down and faint of heart amidst the sickness and sorrow of the world; and grant that by the power of thy Holy Spirit they also may be enabled to go upon their way rejoicing; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

—Acts of Devotion.

FOREVER THE SUN IS POURING HIS GOLD

FOREVER the sun is pouring his gold  
On a hundred worlds that beg and borrow;  
His warmth he squanders on summits cold,  
And his wealth on the homes of want and sorrow;  
To withhold his largess of precious light  
Is to bury himself in eternal night.

No flower blooms for itself at all,  
Its joy is the joy that it freely diffuses;  
Of beauty and bloom it is prodigal,  
And it lives by the light it freely loses.  
No choice for the rose but glory or doom,  
To exhale or smother, to wither or bloom!

The seas lend silvery rains to the land,  
The land its sapphire streams to the ocean;  
The heart sends blood to the brain of command,  
And the brain to the heart its lightning motion;  
And over and over we yield our breath,  
Till the mirror is dry and images death.

He is dead whose hand is not open wide  
To help the need of a human brother,  
He doubles the length of his lifelong ride  
Who gives his fortunate place to another:  
And a thousand million loves are his  
Who holds the world in his sympathies.

—Author Unknown.

## Morning Devotions

### FOR LOYALTY TO THE HIGHEST

LORD of truth and purity,  
We beseech thee to build up in us thine own nature,  
Found our souls upon the rock,  
That we may be content with no transient happiness  
Bought at the cost of compromise and unfaithfulness.  
Teach us the bitterness of forsaking noble ideals;  
Teach us the glory and warmth of the loneliness and  
    pain  
That come from fearless following of the highest that  
    we know.  
Give us thine own vision of the eternal values.  
Thine own resolute disregard to the second best,  
Thine own unflinching loyalty to duty and honor.  
Amen.

—*Prayers for an Indian College.*

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### FOR THE SICK

O LORD Jesus Christ, who didst show thy love by restoring to health the suffering ones who were brought unto thee; We beseech thee to hear our prayer for thy servant (N—). Thou canst relieve *his* sufferings. Thou canst bestow strength when *he* is weak, courage when *he* desponds, and quietude instead of restlessness. Give *him* the comfort of thy Presence and grant *him* such gifts of thy healing power that *he* may be restored to health and serve thee with gratitude for thy mercy and goodness, all the days of *his* life. We ask it for thy Name's sake. Amen.

—*Adapted.*

THE COMICAL ONES

WHEN God had finished the stars and whirl  
of coloured suns

He turned His mind from big things to fashion  
little ones;

Beautiful tiny things (like daisies) He made,  
and then

He made the comical ones in case the minds  
of men

Should stiffen and become

Dull, humourless and glum,

And so forgetful of their Maker be

As to take even themselves—*quite seriously.*

Caterpillars and cats are lively and excellent  
puns:

All God's jokes are good—even the practical  
ones!

And as for the duck, I think God must have  
smiled a bit

Seeing those bright eyes blink on the day He  
fashioned it.

And He's probably laughing still at the sound  
that came out of its bill!

—F. W. Harvey.

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CONFESSION

O LORD Jesus Christ, who for our sakes didst undergo  
want and shame and pain, we confess most humbly  
that we have refused to share the burden of thy cross; that  
we have denied thee rather than face mockery, and have  
sought comfort and security. Forgive our sin, help us to  
amend and give us courage to endure. Amen.

## Morning Devotions

### FOR THE PRESENCE OF GOD

**O** LORD God, in whom we live, and move and have our being; Open our eyes that we may behold thy Fatherly presence ever about us. Draw our hearts to thee with the power of thy love. Teach us to be anxious for nothing, and when we have done what thou hast given us to do, help us, O God our Saviour, to leave the issue to thy wisdom. Take from us all doubt and mistrust. Lift our thoughts up to thee, and make us to know that all things are possible to us through thy Son our Redeemer. Amen.

—*Bishop Westcott.*

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### FOR THOSE IN PAIN

**B**REATHE down, O Lord, upon all those who are bearing pain, thy spirit of healing, thy spirit of life, thy spirit of peace and hope, of love and joy, thy spirit of courage and endurance. Cast out from them the spirit of anxiety and fear; grant them perfect confidence and trust in thee, that in thy light they may see light; through Christ Jesus our Saviour. Amen.

—*Diana Ponsonby.*

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### HE KNOWETH THAT YE HAVE NEED

**A**LMIGHTY God, the fountain of all wisdom, who knowest all our necessities before we ask, and our ignorance in asking; we beseech thee to have compassion upon our infirmities, and those things, which for our unworthiness we dare not, and for our blindness we cannot ask, vouchsafe to give us, for the worthiness of thy son Jesus Christ our Lord.

INDIFFERENCE

WHEN Jesus came to Golgotha they hanged Him on a tree,

They drove great nails through hands and feet, and made a Calvary;

They crowned Him with a crown of thorns, red were His wounds and deep,

For those were crude and cruel days, and human flesh was cheap.

When Jesus came to Birmingham they simply passed Him by, They never hurt a hair of Him, they only let Him die;

For men had grown more tender, and they would not give Him pain,

They only just passed down the street, and left Him in the rain.

Still Jesus cried, "Forgive them, for they know not what they do,"

And still it rained the wintry rain that drenched Him through and through;

The crowds went home and left the streets without a soul to see,

And Jesus crouched against a wall and cried for Calvary.

—G. A. Studdert Kennedy.

FOR THOSE WHO TOIL

O CHRIST, thou lover of men's lives, who wast the friend of simple people, and didst live and teach in the homes of working men, reveal thyself in power to the toiling multitudes around us, who need thee; give them the spirit of hope, charity, freedom, simplicity, and gladness, that in thee they may find the life that is life indeed. In thine own Name we ask. Amen. —*The Grey Book.*

DELIVER US FROM EVIL

**O** LORD, raise up we pray thee thy power, and come among us, and with great might succour us; that whereas, through our sins and wickedness, we are sore let and hindered in running the race that is set before us, thy bountiful grace and mercy may speedily help and deliver us; through thy Son our Lord, to whom with thee and the Holy Ghost be honour and glory, world without end.

THE ETERNAL GOD IS THY REFUGE

**O** GOD, thou art the help and refuge of all thy children. From everlasting to everlasting thou art God. To our weakness thou art strength. In our darkness thou art light. To our sorrow thou art comfort and peace. We cannot number thy blessings. We cannot declare thy love. For all thy goodness we bless thee and praise thee. May we ever feel thy presence and may we love the things thou lovest and serve thee with the service of our daily lives, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

FOR CHRISTIAN SERVICE

**O** LORD, our heavenly Father, whose blessed Son came not to be ministered unto but to minister; We beseech thee to bless all those who, following in his steps, give themselves to the service of their fellow men. Endue them with wisdom, patience and courage that they may strengthen the weak and raise up those who fall, and being inspired by thy love may worthily minister in thy name to the suffering, the friendless and the needy; for the sake of him who laid down his life for us, the same thy Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen. —*Book of Common Prayer.*

PRAYER

**O** Lord God, when Thou givest to Thy servants to endeavour any great matter, grant us to know that it is not the beginning but the continuing of the same until it be thoroughly finished which yieldeth the true glory; through Him Who for the finishing of Thy work laid down His life, our Redeemer, Jesus Christ. Amen."

*(Prayer of Sir Francis Drake, 1587)*

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FOR THE SPIRIT TO FOLLOW CHRIST

**B**LESSED Lord, who for our sakes wast content to bear sorrow and want; Grant unto us such a measure of thy Spirit that we may follow thee in self-denial and humility of soul. Help us to succor the afflicted, to relieve the needy, to share the burdens of the heavy-laden, and ever to see thee in all that are poor and desolate; who now livest and reignest, and wilt yet come again to be our Judge. Amen.

—Bishop Westcott.

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FOR THE HOUSEHOLD

**O** GOD, our Father; Bless this thy household and grant us sweet reasonableness in all our dealings with one another; make us large-hearted in helping and generous in criticising; keep us from unkind words and unkind silences. Make us quick to understand the needs and feelings of others and grant that living in the brightness of thy presence, we may bring thy sunshine into cloudy places, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

—L. H. M. Soulsby.



PATIENCE

SOMETIMES I wish that I might do  
Just one grand deed and die,  
And by that one grand deed reach up  
To meet God in the sky.  
But such is not Thy way, O God,  
Not such is Thy decree,  
But deed by deed, and tear by tear,  
Our souls must climb to Thee,  
As climbed the only Son of God  
From manger unto Cross,  
Who learned, through tears and bloody sweat,  
To count this world but loss;  
Who left the Virgin Mother's Arms  
To seek those arms of shame,  
Outstretched upon the lonely hill  
To which the darkness came.  
As deed by deed, and tear by tear,  
He climbed up to the height,  
Each deed a splendid deed, each tear  
A jewel shining bright,  
So grant us, Lord, the patient heart,  
To climb the upward way,  
Until we stand upon the height  
And see the perfect day.

G. A. Studdert Kennedy.

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ALMIGHTY God, unto whom all hearts be open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid: Cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love thee, and worthily magnify thy holy Name; through Christ our Lord. Amen.

THE LORD DOES CARE

*Many people hold the unhappy belief that the Maker of this vast and complicated universe must be impersonal, must be utterly heedless of such crawling, insignificant creatures as we are. But to the Christian, God is a father as well as a ruler.*

WHAT can it mean? is it aught to Him.  
That the nights are long and the days are dim?  
Can He be touched by the griefs I bear—  
Which sadden the heart and whiten the hair?  
Around His throne are eternal calms,  
And strong glad music of happy psalms,  
And bliss unruffled by any strife;  
How can He care for my poor life?

And yet I want Him to care for me,  
While I live in this world where the sorrows be,  
When the light dies down on the path I take,  
When strength is feeble and friends forsake;  
When love and music that once did bless  
Have left me to silence and loneliness;  
And life's song changes to sobbing prayers—  
Then my heart cries out for a God who cares.

When shadows hang o'er me the whole day long;  
And my spirit is bowed with shame and wrong;  
When I am not good, and the deeper shade  
Of conscious sin makes my heart afraid;  
And the busy world has too much to do  
To stay its course to help me through,  
And I long for a Saviour, can it be  
That the God of the universe cares for me?

Let all who are sad take heart again;  
We are not alone in our hours of pain,

## Morning Devotions

Our Father stoops from His throne above  
To soothe and quiet us with His love.  
He leaves us not when the storm is high,  
And we have safety for He is nigh;  
Can it be trouble which He doth share?  
Oh, rest in peace for the Lord does care.

Anonymous.

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### THE LIFE THAT COUNTS

*No life counts much which counts selfishly. But as Ruskin declares, "Every noble life leaves the fibre of it interwoven into the fabric of the world."*

THE life that counts must toil and fight;  
Must hate the wrong and love the right;  
Must stand for truth, by day, by night—  
This is the life that counts.

The life that counts must hopeful be;  
In darkest night make melody;  
Must wait the dawn on bended knee—  
This is the life that counts.

The life that counts must aim to rise;  
Above the earth to sunlit skies;  
Must fix its gaze on Paradise—  
This is the life that counts.

The life that counts must helpful be;  
The cares and needs of others see;  
Must seek the slaves of sin to free—  
This is the life that counts.

The life that counts is linked with God;  
And turns not from the cross—the rod;  
But walks with joy where Jesus trod—  
This is the life that counts.

Anonymous.

PRAYERS FOR WAR-TIME

**O** GOD, merciful Father, that despisest not the sighing of a contrite heart, nor the desire of such as be sorrowful: Mercifully assist our prayers that we make before thee in all our troubles and adversities, whensoever they oppress us; and graciously hear us, that those evils, which the craft and subtilty of the devil or man worketh against us, be brought to nought, and by the providence of thy goodness they may be dispersed; that we thy servants, being hurt by no persecutions, may evermore give thanks unto thee in thy holy Church; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

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**O** GOD, who rulest the world from everlasting to everlasting: Speak to our hearts when courage fails, and we faint for fear; when our love grows cold, and there is distress of nations upon the earth. Keep us resolute and steadfast in the things that cannot be shaken, abounding in hope and knowing that our labour is not in vain in thee. Restore our faith in thine eternal purpose; renew in us that love which never fails; and make us to lift up our eyes to behold, beyond the things which are seen and temporal, the things which are unseen and eternal.

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**O** CHRIST, the true vine and the source of life, ever giving thyself that the world may live; who also hast taught us that those who would follow thee must be ready to lose their lives for thy sake: Grant us so to receive within our souls the power of thine eternal sacrifice, that in sharing thy cup we may share thy life, and at the last be made perfect in thy love.

PRAYER

MAY the great God whom I worship grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory; and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet! For myself individually, I commit my life to Him that made me; and may His blessing alight on my endeavours for serving my country faithfully! To Him I resign myself and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend. Amen, Amen, Amen."

(Lord Nelson's Prayer).

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IN TIME OF SORROW

GRANT unto us, Almighty God, thy peace that passeth understanding, that we, amid the sorrows of life, may rest in thee, knowing that all things are in thee, under thy care, governed by thy will, guarded by thy love, so that with a quiet heart we may face the clouds and the darkness, ever rejoicing to know that darkness and light are both alike to thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

—The Grey Book.

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THE peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God, and of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord: And the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be amongst you and remain with you always. Amen.







